



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

The princess rebel



👁 48 ✓ 4 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Nicole Nowak

My name is Zeccora. I'm a princess, not like the others. You are probably thinking of a princess right now. A blonde perfect skinny girl who follows all the rules and gets an arranged marriage by the time she's 12. Well, I'm twelve and I'm free baby! I have messy brown hair and I'm far from perfection. My cousin lost a toe to my horse. It was pretty gross. He never spoke to me again. I purposely burp during manor classes. I hate manor classes! When will knowing how to hold a teacup come in handy ever? Maybe if we are invited to a party and heaven forbid someone is holding their teacup the wrong way! This is a job for manor girl! She swiftly turns the teacup around in one sweeping motion! Said no one. I am so sick of the people in manor class. "No Zeccora you cannot join the army" and "No Zeccora you need to wear a dress or you'll get arrested." and worst of all, "You need to eat your ribs with a fork Zeccora! Eating it with your hands makes you look improper." I really did not care. Also, I refuse to wear those disgusting corsets. I'm fine. I'm 120 pounds of pure lady! I was trapped by my gender. I couldn't be in plays because I am a woman. I can't leave the castle because I'm a princess, A.K.A A WOMAN! Give me a break with all this gender segregation! I want to be free, I wish I where a man. Wait! That just might work...

My knife (Which I'm apparently "Not supposed to own") slices through my hair cutting all of it

clean off! Woah, woah, woah, I'm getting far to ahead of myself. I gained a brilliant idea! I could go out pretending to be a man and... in a genius! I decide to ask my dad if I can get a haircut.

"But it's improper for a lady to have short hair" I say in a mocking tone.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"It is normal for women to have long hair."

"Well I don't want to be normal I want to be myself."

"You have no opinion in this."

"And why not?"

"Because you are a woman."

"Well maybe I don't want to be a woman! Maybe I would like the freedom that men receive!"

"I don't like this tone of voice Zeccora!"

"Well then you are going to hate this."

I take out my knife.

"Zeccora! What are you doing? Are you going to kill me?"

"Of course not, but this will kill you on the inside."

My knife slices through my hair. Blah blah blah blah blah. We've been through this. I'm sorry, I'll give you the short version. My knife, blah blah blah hair, blah blah blah clean off, blah blah blah explanation. Now we're here where we left off.

"Why Zeccora? Don't you wish to fit in?"

"No father, I don't."

"But that is everyone's best interest."

"No, it's your best interest. I can make my own decisions." I kick my severed hair towards him and walk away proudly. He thought it was just a haircut. It's far more than that. I had one big master plan. I fall asleep with a devilish smile creeping across my face. When I wake up I pretend to head off to manor school but creep into the market. Bread in hand along with money for the beggars and myself. The people there know me since I normally go there and I hide my face in the hood of my red cloak.

"Hey little lady, where might your father be?" Jokes a man, I instantly recognize him.

"Oh shut up Tim." He laughs his hearty, happy laugh. His whole life revolves around that laugh. Without jokes he feels like an empty vessel. He is the funniest guy I've ever met. I hand him a slice of bread and a little money for more.

"Bless you Zeccora."

"Thank you very much."

"If you say so." I laugh and walk away. I hand slices of bread to many, his wife and Polly and Molly, his daughters.

"Thank you very much." Says

Login

or

Create new account

"Hey aren't you a princess Zeke?" Asks Polly what's what they call me, Zeke?

"Yes I am Polly."

See more of Story Wars

"Is it as fun as molly told me?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What's it really like?" Asks molly.

"Well, lets just say its very boring and apparently you need to know how to hold a teacup straight in order to survive."

"I'm confused." Says molly.

"Exactly."

"Wha- Oh never mind. But isn't it nice to wear fancy gowns and go to fancy schools with fancy people?"

"Not a chance. Those fancy gowns are super uncomfortable. Those fancy schools have strict teachers. Those fancy people are total jerks and not down to earth like you guys. I would give anything to live like you guys."

"Ok, but why is your hair short?" Asks Polly.

"I'm going to pretend I'm a man."

"WHAT?!? You could get arrested!" Yell Polly and Molly at the same time.

"You twins scare me."

"YOU COULD GET ARRESTED!" Says Polly.

"You have to make sacrifices for freedom Polly."

"I don't want my favorite person in the whole wide world to go to jail."

"Come on, if I get arrested I can escape. Also, I'm the princess if I reveal myself as the princess and BAM! I'm home-free!"

"I-I guess that makes sense. Well, Bye!"

"Goodbye."

After that I move on to Shamus. He is my age and was abandoned by his mother. He was abandoned a year ago because he was diagnosed with mental illness falsely. He does not suffer from it. He begged his mother to stay and tried to convince her otherwise but she didn't believe him. She left before he could say I love you. He does not suffer from it and even if he did he is not dangerous. No one with mental problems are they are normal people who may need a little help. I hand him two slices of bread. He can get his own water but not bread. He can also live off of one slice of bread for a week.

"Thank you Zecora." He says. After that I hand him my winter boots. He says "I have bloody feet." I hand him my winter boots.

"You really don't have it."

"Yes I do."

"If you say so." He eagerly puts them on.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"What happened to your hair."

A long detailed explanation later...

"WHAT? You could get arrested."

"I know, but I can escape."

"Good point, good point. Go get 'em champ!"

I give him a hug and walk away. I walk to the clothes shop and I grab some pants and a button down shirt. I place it in front of the merchant and hand him some money.

"Why are you buying mens clothing young lady?"

"It's... for my father."

"Okay princess, say, what happened to your hair?"

"What happened to your hair?"

"Very funny princess, you've always been a joker." He hands me the clothes. I squeal with excitement and run out of the store and run all the way home. When I get there father is waiting for me. I hide the clothes in my jacket pocket.

"Where were you?"

"Manor school father."

"Manor school ended an hour ago."

"It was a very long walk?"

"What where you really doing?"

I decided to lie.

"I got detention."

"WHAT?!? What for?"

Time for another lie.

"Putting my feet up on the table."

"Zeccora! You go to manor school to learn manors not how to get in trouble."

"I know, I'll go straight to my room."

"Good."

I walk to my room and put on my clothes. I look in my mirror, it's pretty believable. But, what about my chest? Oh. My. God. I'm gonna have to wear a corset.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I sneak out the window - one of my favorite pastimes. This is it. No going back. Not that I mind. I'm ready to ditch my family and this whole princess mess for once.

I climbed over the palace walls, careful to avoid the guards, and slipped out in to the city. I didn't want to leave my friends, leave Shamus behind, but my father would be on the look out to find me, so no army would accept me. Not in this city.

I'd grabbed as much coin as I could. I needed to leave, and fast.

The quickest way out of the city was on the water. The boats would take me far enough, maybe even to another country. No one would look for me there. They wouldn't think I was able enough to make it this far out on my own.

Ha. I had an advantage. They all thought the twelve year old princess would be useless. Instead, I was going to be out of here. They wouldn't know what hit them.

The ride on the ship was long and boring. I wished I had something, anything to do. I picked up a stick and fake sword fought. Yeah. I was so good they'd have to accept me in to the army without a second thought.

I stared at the water. I was starting to miss my brother, ever so slightly. He was the only one of my family who had ever been nice to me. He didn't understand what I was going through, but he had understood me. If only I had him to talk to. If only he wasn't at some far away private school. I sighed.

When the boat finally stopped, I was tired. I hadn't slept at all on the trip, too worried that someone would do something like steal my money. I finally stepped in to the new, unfamiliar city, and started to search for an inn. I could sign up in the army tomorrow.

Ah, Malderra. The new country meant freedom! Surely this would be a simple task, given how easy my mistake from the palace had been.

I wandered around the city, searching for the inn. I hadn't paid any attention in my foreign language class. You'd think they'd See more of Story Wars noooo. That would have made it easy.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"You lost?" Came a voice, and I looked around. They were talking to me. Standing up from her spot leaning on the corner of a building. I knew that this place was kind of a trading center, but the woman didn't look Malderran.

Her voice had an accent that sounded foreign, not from any of the nearby countries. Her hair was bright pink, probably made that color, but I couldn't be certain. Her skin was darker than I'd ever seen, not that dark, but enough to stand out from a crowd. She wore leather and heavy boots and looked like she could beat up an army.

Good. This meant she was probably a soldier or a guard or something, or at least a fellow rebel against the tyranny of constrictive gender roles.

"Uh, yeah." I said. "Do you know where an Inn is?" I asked her, and the pink haired stranger grinned. It was sharp and kind of scary, but that was to be expected from such an intimidating woman.

"I sure do kid, just follow me." She said, starting to walk down the street, and I quickly matched her step. "I'm Asa. What're you doing in Malderra here anyway?"

"I'm going to apply for the army!" I said proudly, and she laughed at that.

"The army? You know they're a bunch of losers, right? I mean yeah, you get to fight stuff, but mostly it's just uniforms and good manners and proper procedure. Especially when there isn't a war going on."

Ugh. That sounded just like being a princess, just with the added benefit of getting to fight. Maybe I'd wait until there was a war going on to join up, so that I could get the excitement.

"What's your name, then?" She asked, and I fumbled. I couldn't give her Zeccora, because even with the army plan down the drain I wouldn't just trust a stranger with the secret I was a girl. What was a good boy's name I could use?

"Uh, Zeke." I said, choosing the name that I'd actually answer to. That was good, this was working.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

She stopped. I looked around. I was in the heart of the city, not like the beggar-filled streets I'd grown comfortable with outside the palace. No, this place was

downright sinister, and strangely empty.

The sky had grown clouded, and Asa turned around to me, flipping a knife in her hands.

"Are you sure your name isn't Zeccora?" She asked, and I reached down for my knife, but it wasn't in my sheath. Realization dawned on my face. The knife in her hands was mine. How had she stolen that off of me?

"Give that back!" I shouted, readying myself in a fighting stance I'd copied from watching the guards train.

"You know, I could turn you in for that reward." Asa muttered with a smirk. How had I not realized she was nothing but a lying thief! I was ruined! "But I think I need to take you to the others first, see what the plan is."

I started to run, I had to escape, but her hand grabbed at my shoulder and I tripped, landing on the packed dirt of the street. I felt the chilled metal of my own knife at my throat.

Carefully, I went with her, down in to the darkest parts of the city.

Chapter 3 by TheBestBlueBird



We fast-walked all the way into the deepest, darkest part of the city. There were not a lot of lights, just a few torches scattered around on the sides of some buildings. Asa led me down the narrow road surrounded with homes.

"Not really a logical place to put some homes." I thought.

We continued to walk for what seems to be 48 years. As I walked I saw a group of people crowding around a fire. They had swords, bow and arrows, axes. It looked like a group of soldiers camping out. Uh oh. Asa and I approached to group. It was a group of 4 people, 2 female, 2 male. They had ripped, raggedy clothes, and their face had ashes and mud all over it. Did not look like soldiers to me.

"Hey guys," Asa said

"Hi," they replied.

"Who is this you brought?" a skin She had an ax in her hand.

"Princess Zeccora."

"Oh."

"Hey, princess," Asa said.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"What?" I asked with a bit of attitude in my voice. I balled my fist, face red with anger, I was ready to punch her.

"Sit down, let me explain"

"You don't have to,"

I snatched the knife from her hand, possibly leaving a knife cut. I put the knife away in my sheath. She looked at me, shocked. Her mouth was wide open, revealing a tongue piercing. Her eyes were also wide, like she saw a ghost.

"You don't need to explain. You are just a bunch of kidnappers, who are going to take me back to my home, and my boring princess duties. If you do that, I swear, you and your entire crew are going to live the rest of your pathetic lives in jail." I threatened.

It was silent for a moment. I saw the other woman in the group, an old one, whisper, "Oh snap," Asa grinned. It wasn't an evil one. It was a warm smile, with hints of determination.

"I am not here to turn you in,"

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account